THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAYE.

Compoſed into Scottis Meeter,

by ALEXANDER MONT-
GOMERIE.

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THE CHERRIE

and the Slaye.

ABout ane bank, quhair birds on bewes,
ten thouſand rimes yair notes renewes
ilk houre into the day:
The Merle, the Maveis may be ſeine,
the Progney and the Philomeine,
quhilk cauſſit me to ſtay:
I laye and leind me to ane buſſe,
to heir thir birdis beir,
Thair noyce are ſo melodiouſſe,
throwe natour of the zeir:
Some ſinging, ſome ſpringing,
with wingis into the skye:
So nymlie and trimlie,
thir birds thay flew me by.

I ſawe the Hurchone and the Haire,
quha fed amang the flowers faire,
that hopping to and fro:
I ſawe the Cunnin and the Cat.
quhais downes with the dewe was wat,
with vther beaſtis mo:
The Hairt the Hynd, the Dae the Rae,
the Fulmarte and the Fox:
Were skippand all from bray to bray,
amang the watter brox.

The Cherrie

Some feiding, ſome dreiding,
in caice of ſuddaine ſnairis,
Some tripping, ſome skipping,
thay huntit all in pairis.

The ayr was ſo attemperat,
but ony miſt immaculat,
baith puryfeit and cleir:
The flouris fair ware fluriſchit,
as natour had thame nuriſchit,
baith delicate and deir:
And every blome on branche and bewche,
ſo prettilie was ſpred:
Syne hang thair heids out over ane hewche,
in Mayis cullour cled:
Some knopping, ſome dropping,
the balmie liquour ſweit:
Diſtelling and ſmelling,
throw Phœbus healthſome heit.

The Cuckoe and the Cuſchate cryit,
the Turtill on the vther ſide,
no pleſour had to play:
So ſchill in ſorrowe was hir ſang,
that throwe hir voce the roches rang,
and Ecchoe anſwerit aye:
Lamenting fair Narciſſes cace,
that ſteruit at the well:
Quhairthrowe the ſhadow of his face,
for luife that ſlewe him ſell:
Sair weiping and creiping,
about the well he baid:
Quhyllis lying, quhyllis crying,
bot it na anſwer maid.

The

and the Slaye.

The dewe as Dyamondis did hing,
vpon the tender tuiſtis zing,
over twinkling all the treis:
And ay quhair flouris flouriſchit faire,
thair ſuddainlie I ſawe repaire,
ane ſwarme of ſownding beeis:
Some ſweitly hes the hony ſocht,
quhill thay ware cloggit ſoire:
Some cunninglie the wax hes wrocht,
to heape it vp in ſtoire:
So heiping for keiping,
into thair hyues thay hydit:
Preciſelie and wiſelie,
for winter thay prouydit.

To pen the pleſouris of that Park,
how every blome on branche and bark,
aganes the Sunne did ſchine:
I leiſe thir Poets to compyle,
in ſtaitlie verſe and ornat ſtyle,
it paſſis my Ingyne:
Bot as I muſſit myne allane,
I ſawe ane Ryuer rin:
Out over ane Craig and rock of ſtane,
ſyne lichtit in ane lin:
With tumbling and rumbling,
amang the rockes round:
Devalling and falling
into that pit profound.

To heir the ſtartling ſtreames cleire,
I thocht it muſike to the eire,
quhair deskant did abound:
With treble ſweet and tenor juſt,

and ay the eccho repercuſt,
the *Diapaſon* ſound.
Set with the C. ſol fa ut cleife,
quhairby to knaw the note,
Thay ſownd ane michtie ſemebreife,
out of the Elphis throte.
Diſcreitlie mair ſweitlie,
nor craftie Amphion:
Nor muiſſes that vſes,
at fountaine Helicon.

Quha wald haue tyrit to heir that tune,
quhilk birds corroborate abune,
throw ſchouting of the Larkis:
Quha ſlewe ſa hie into the skyis,
quhil Cupid walknit throw the cryis,
of natures chappell clarkis:
Quha leueing all the heuins aboue,
ſyne lichtit on the eird:
Loe how that littil God of loue,
befoir me thair appeird:
So mild like and childlike,
with bowe thrie quartars ſcante:
So moylike and coylike,
he luikit like ane Sancte.

Ane cleinly cirſpe hang ouer his eies,
his quauer be his naikit thies;
hang in ane ſiluer lace:
Of gold betwein his ſchoulders grewe,
twa proper wings quhairwith he ſlewe,
on his left arme ane brace:
This God of all his geire he ſchuik,
and laid it on the ground:

I ran als beſſie for to luik,
quhair farley is micht be found:
Amazed I gazed,
to ſie that geir ſa gay:
Perſaueing my haueing,
he comptit me his pray.

Quhat wald thou giue my freind quod he,
till haue thir prettie wings to flie,
to ſport thee for ane quhile:
Or quhat gif I ſuld lend thee heir,
my bowe and all my ſchuitting geir,
ſome bodie to begyle:
That geir quod I cannot be bocht,
zit wald I haue it faine:
Quhat gif quod he it coſt thee nocht,
Bot rander it againe:
His wings than he brings than,
and band thame on my bak:
Go flie now quod he now,
and ſo my leife I tak.

I ſprang ſo heich on Cupids wings,
quha bowe and quauer baith reſings,
to lend me for ane day:
As Icarus with borrowit flicht,
quha mountit heicher nor he micht,
ore perrellous ane play:
Than furth he drew that deadly dairt,
quhilk ſometyme hurt his mother:
Quhairwith I hurt my wanton hairt,
in hope to hurt ane vther:
It hurt me and brunt me,
the ofter I it handle:

Cume ſie now in me now,
the Butterflie and candle.

As ſcho delyttis into the lowe,
ſo was I browdin on my bowe,
as ignorant as ſcho:
And as ſcho flies quhill ſcho be fyrit,
ſo with the dairt that I deſyrit,
my handis hes hurt me to:
As fuliſch Phaetone be ſuite,
his fathers cairte obteind:
I langit in luiffis bowe to ſchuite,
and wiſt not quhat it meind:
Moir wilfull nor skilfull,
to flie I was ſo fond:
Deſyring Impyring,
and ſo was ſeene appond.

To lait I knaw quha hewes to hie,
the ſpeill ſall fall into his eye,
to lait I went to ſchooles:
To lait I hard the ſwallow preich,
to lait experience dois teich,
the School-maiſter of fooles:
To lait I find the neſt I ſeik,
quhen all the birdis are flowne:
To lait the ſtabill dure I ſteik,
quhen all the ſteids are ſtolne:
To lait ay thair ſtate aye,
all fooliſh folke eſpye:
They find to behind to,
remeid and ſo do I.

Bot had I ryplie bene aduyſit,
I had not raſchelie interpryſit,

To

to ſoire with borrowit pennis:
Nor zit haue ſayit the Archere craft,
nor ſchot my ſelfe with ſic ane ſchaft,
as reſſoun quite miskennis:
Fra wilfulnes gaif me the wound,
I had na force to flie:
Thane come I grauand to the ground,
friend welcome hame quod he:
Quhair flew ze, quhom ſlew ze,
or quha bringis hame the buiting:
I ſee now, quod he now,
ze haue bein at the ſchuiting.

As ſcorne comes commonlie with skaith,
ſa I behuifit to bide thame baith,
oh! quhat ane ſtakkarand ſtait:
For vnder cuire I got ſik check,
that I micht neither muife nor neck,
bot ather ſtale or mait.
myne agonie was ſa extreme,
I ſwate and ſwound for feire:
Bot or I walknit of my dreame,
he ſpuilzeit me of my geire:
With flicht than, on hicht thane,
ſprang Cupid in the skyis:
Forzetting, and ſetting
at nocht my cairfull cryis.

So long with ſicht I followit him,
quhill baith my febillit eyis grewe dim,
throw ſtairing on the ſtarnes.
Quhilk flawe ſo thick before my eyne,
Some reid, ſome yeallowe, blew and greine,
quhilk trubillit all my harnes:

Quhill every thing appeirit two,
to my barbruilzeit braine:
Bot lang micht I lye luiking tho,
or Cupid come againe:
Quhais thundering, with wondering,
I hard vp throwe the ayr:
Throwe cloudis so, he thuids so,
and flewe I wist not quhair.

Bot fra I sawe that God was gane,
and I in langour left allane,
and soire tormentit to:
Sumtyme I sicht quhill I was sad,
sumtyme I muissit and maist gane mad,
I wist not quhat to do:
Sumtyme I ravit halfe in ane rage,
as ane into dispaire:
To be oppreist with sik ane page
Lord gif my hairt was saire:
Like Dido, Cupido,
I widill and I warye:
Quha left me, and reft me
in sic ane furye farye.

Thane felt I currage and desyre,
inflame my hairt with vncowth fyre,
to me befoir vnknawin:
Bot now na bluid in me remaines
vnbrunt and bruilzeit throw my vaines,
be luiffis bellowes blawin:
To quenche it or I was devorit,
with siches I went about:
Bot ay the moire I schape to smorit,
the baulder it brak out:

Aye preſſing, but ſeſſing,
quhil it may breik the bounds:
My hewe ſo, furth ſchew ſo,
the dolour of my wounds.

With deadlie viſage paill and wan,
mair like ane attomie nor man,
I widderit cleine away:
As wax befoir the fyre I felt
my hairt within my boſome melt,
and peece and peece decay:
My vaines with brangling like to brek,
my punſis lap with pithe:
So ferventlie did me infek,
that I am vext thairwith:
My hairt ay, did ſtart ay,
The fiery flames to flie:
Aye houping, throwe louping,
to win to libertie.

Bot zit allace bide it behuiffit,
within my cairfull corpis incluiſſit,
and preſſone of my breiſt:
With ſichis ſo ſoippit and oreſette,
like to ane fiſche faſt in the nette,
in deadthraw vndeceiſt:
Quhais thocht in vaine dois ſtriue for ſtrenth
for to pull out her head:
Quhilk profeittis nathing at the lenth,
bot haiſtes hir to hir dead.
Ay wriſting and thriſting,
the faſter ſtill is ſcho:
And I ſo dois lye ſo,
my death avanceing to.

The Cherrie

The mair I wreſſellit with the wind,
the faſter ſtill my ſelfe I find,
na mirth my mind could meaſe:
Mair noye nor I tried neuer nane,
I was ſa alterrit and oregane,
throw drowth of my diſeaſe:
Zit weaklie as I micht I rayis,
my ſicht grewe dim and dark:
I ſtakkerit at the windilſtrayis,
no takin I was ſtark:
Baith ſichtles, and michtles,
I grewe almaiſt attanes:
In anguiſch, I languiſch,
with mony grievous granes.

With ſober pace I did approche
hard to the River and the roche,
quhairof I ſpak befoir:
Quhais running ſicke ane murmure maid,
as to the ſey it ſwiftlie ſlaid,
ore craig, ore clewch, ore ſchoir:
Thair pleſoure did me ſo prouok,
perforce for to repaire:
Betuix the River and the rock,
quhair hoipe grewe with diſpaire:
Ane trie thair, I ſee thair,
of cherreis on the brais,
Bclawe to, I ſawe to
ane buſh of bitter *Slais*.

The Chirries hang abune my heid,
like twinkling rewbeis round and reid,
ſo hich vp in the hewch:
Quhais ſchaddowes in the River ſchew,

Als

Als graithlie glanſing as thay grewe,
on trimbling twiſtis tewch:
Quhilk bowed throw burding of thair birth,
in hanging downe thair toppis:
Reflexe of Phœbus in the firth,
orecouerit all the knoppis:
with danſing, and glanſing,
in tirles dornik champ:
Quhilk ſtreimet, and gleimet,
throw lichtnes of that lamp.

With earneſt eye I can eſpye,
the fruit betwix me and the skye,
halfe gaite almaiſt to hevin:
The craige ſo cumberſome to clime,
the trie ſo hich of growth and trime,
as ony arrowe evin:
I call to minde how Daphne did,
within the Laurell ſchrink:
Quhen from Appollo ſcho hir hid,
ane thouſand times I think:
That trie then, to me then,
as hich as laurell thocht:
Eſpyring, but tyring,
to get the fruit I ſocht.

To clime the Craige it was na buit,
lat be to preſſe to pull the fruit,
in top of all the trie:
I ſaw na way quhairby to cum,
be ony craft to get it clum,
appeirandly to me:
The craig was vgly ſtay and dreiche,
the trie heich lang and ſmal:

I was effrayit to mount ſo heich,
for feir to get ane fall:
I freyit, to ſey it,
I luikit vp on loft:
Quhillis minting, quhillis ſtinting,
my purpoſe changit oft.

Thane dreid with danger and diſpaire,
forbad me mounting ony maire,
to raxe abune my reiche:
Quhat? tuſch quod curage man go to,
he is but daft that hes ado,
that ſtayis for every ſpeiche:
For I haue oft hard wiſe men ſay,
and we may ſie it our ſelfis:
That fortune helps the hardie ay,
and pultrones plaine repellis:
Thane feir not, nor heir not,
dreid danger or diſpaire:
To fazarts, hard hazarts,
is dead or thay come thaire.

Quha ſpeids bot ſik as hie aſpyris,
quha tryumphis not bot ſic as tyris,
to win ane nobill name:
Of ſchrinking quhat? bot ſchame ſucceidis,
thane do as thou wald haue thy deidis,
in regiſter of fame:
I put the caice thou not preuaill,
ſwa thou with honor die:
Thy life bot not thy curage faill,
ſall Poettis pen of thee.
Thy name than, from fame than,
ſall never be cut aff:

Thy

Thy graue aye, ſall haue aye,
ane honeſt Epitaphe.

Quhat can thou loſe quhen honor liues,
renowne thy vertewe ay reviues,
gif vailzeantly thou end:
Quod danger hulie friend tak heid,
vntymeous ſpurring ſpillis the ſpeid,
tak tent quhat ze pretend:
Thocht currage counſall thee to clim,
beware thou kep na skaith:
Haue thou na help bot hope in him,
he may begyle ze baith:
Thy ſell now, can tel now,
the counſall of theſe clarkis:
Quhairthrow zit, I trowe zit,
thy breiſt dois beir the markis.

Brynt bairne with fire, the danger dreids,
Sa I beleife thy boſſome bleids,
ſen firſt the fire thou felt:
Beſides that ſendill tymes thou ſeis,
that every currage keipis the keyis,
of knawledge be his belt:
Thocht he bid fordwart with the gunnes,
ſmall poulder he provides:
Be not ane novis of the Nunnes,
that ſies not baith the ſydes:
Fuill haiſt aye, almaiſt aye,
oreſettis the ſicht of ſome:
Quha huiks not, nor luiks not,
quhat efterward may come.

Zit wiſdome wiſſes thee to wie,
the ſentence of Philoſophie:

ane leſſoun worth to leir:
Quhilk is in time for to tak tent,
and not quhen tyme is paſt repent,
and buy repentance deir:
Is thair na honour efter lyfe,
except thou ſlay thy ſell:
Quhairfoir hes Attropus the knyfe,
I trow thou can not tell.
That but it, wald cut it,
that Clotho skairſe hes ſpun:
Diſtroying, thy joying,
beſoire it be begun.

All owers ar recknit to be vice,
ore hie, ore law, ore rich, ore wyis:
ore heit, or zit ore cauld:
Thou ſeemes vnconſtant be thy ſings,
thy thocht is on ane thouſand things,
thou wattis not quhat thou wald:
Let fame hir pittie on the poure,
quhill all thy banes ar brokin:
Zone *Slaye* ſuppoſe thou think it ſoure,
may ſatisfie to ſtokkin:
Thy thriſt now, I traiſt now,
gif that thou wald it preiſe:
I ſay to, it may to,
thy painis all releiſe.

Quhat fuill art thou to die for thriſt,
and ſyne may quenche it quhen thou liſt,
ſo eaſilie but paine:
Maire honor is to vanquiſch ane,
nor feicht with tenſum and be tane,
and ather hurt or ſlaine:

Now

Now all the practick is to paſſe,
and not to interpriſe,
Now as gude drinking out of glaſſe,
as gold in ony wiſe.
I had lever, haue ever,
ane fouli in hand or tway:
Nor ſeand, ten fleand,
aboue me all the day..

Luik quhair thou licht befoir thou loupe,
and ſlip na certaintie for hope,
quha gydis thee but be geſſe:
Quod currage cowartis takis na cuire,
to ſit with ſchame ſa thay be ſuire,
I like thame all the leſſe:
Quhat pleſour purcheſſit is but paine,
or honor woone with eaſe:
He will not lye quhair he is ſlaine,
that dourtis befoir he deis.
For feir then, I heir than,
bot onlie ane remeid:
That lattis, and yattis
for to cutte off the heid.

Quhat is the way to heall thy hurt,
quhat way is thair to ſtay thy ſturt,
quhat meanes may mak thee merrie:
Quhat is the comfort that thou craues,
ſuppois the Sophiſts thee deſſaues,
thou knawis it is the Cherrie:
Sen for it only thou bot thriſtis,
the *Slae* can be na buit:
In it alſo thy health conſiſtis,
and in na vther fruit:

The Cherrie

Thou quaikis aye, and ſchaikis aye,
and ſtudies at our ſtrife:
Aduiſe ye, it lyis ye,
on na leſſe nor thy life.

Gif ony patient wald be panſſit,
quhy ſuld he loup quhen he is lanceit,
or ſchrink quhen he is ſchorne:
For I haue hard Chirurgianes ſay,
oft tymes defferrand of the day,
may not be mend the morne:
Tak tyme in tyme or tyme be tint,
for tyme will not remaine:
Quhat forſſis fyre out of the flint,
bot als hard matche againe:
Delay not, nor ſtay not,
and thou ſall ſie it ſa:
Sic gettis ay, as ſettis ay,
ſtout ſtomakis to the bray.

Thocht all beginnings be moſt hard,
the end is pleſant efterward,
now ſchrink not for ane ſchoure:
Fra anes that thou thy grening get,
thy paine and trauell is forzet,
the ſweet exceids the ſoure:
Go to now quicklie, fear not thir,
for hope gude hap hes heichte:
Quod danger be not ſuddane ſchir,
the matter is of weichte:
Firſt ſpye baith, and trie baith,
aduiſement dois na ill:
I ſay to, you may to,
be wilfull quhen you will.

Bot

Bot zit to mind thir proverbs call,
quha vſis perrellis perriſch ſall,
ſchort quhile thair lyffis laſtis:
And I haue hard that hope quod he,
maid never ſchip to ſaill the ſee,
that for all perrils caſtis:
How many throw diſpaire ar dead,
that never perrellis preiuit:
How many alſo as we read,
of liues hes bene releiuit:
Some deing, ſome being,
but danger or diſpaire:
Ane hunder, I woonder,
that I haue hard declair.

Gif we twa hald not vp thy hairt,
quhilk is the cheife and nobilleſt pairt,
thy wark will not gang weill:
Conſiddering that companions can,
perſwade ane ſillie ſempill man,
to haiſſard for his heill:
Suppois thay haue diſſwadit ſome,
or we and thay micht meit:
Thay get na credit quhair we come,
in ony man of ſpreit:
Be reſſoun, thair treſſoun,
be vs was firſt eſpyit:
Reveilling, thair deilling,
quhilk dowe not be denyit.

With ſleikit ſonats ſeiming ſweit,
as all thair doings war diſcreit,
thay wis thee to be wiſe:
Poſtponing tyme from hour to hour,

bot faith in vnderneath the flour,
the lurking Serpent lyis:
Suppois thou feis hir not ane ſtyme,
till tyme ſcho ſtang thy fute:
Perſauis thou not quhat pretious tyme,
thy ſlewthing dois oreſchute:
Allace man, thy cace than,
in lingring I lament:
Go to now, and do now,
that curage be content.

Quhat gif melanchollie come in,
and get ane grip or thou begin,
than is thy labour loſt:
For he will hald thee hard and faſt,
till tyme and place and all be paſt,
that thou giue vp the ghoſt:
Thane ſall be gravin on the ſtane,
quhilk on thy graue is laid:
Sometyme there liued ſic a ane,
bot how ſall it be ſaid:
Heir lyis now, but priſe now,
into diſhonors bed:
Ane cowart, as thou art,
that from his fortune fled.

Imagine than gif thou were laid,
in graue and ſyne micht heir that ſaid,
wald thou not ſweat for ſchame:
Yes faith, I dout not bot thou wald,
thairfoir gif thou hes eyes behald,
how thay wald ſmoir thy fame:
Go to, and mak na mair excuſe,
now life or honor loſe:

And ather thame or vs refuſe,
thair is na vther choſe:
Conſidder, togidder,
that we can never dwell:
At lenth aye, be ſtrenth aye,
ſic pultrons we expell.

Quod danger ſen I vnderſtand,
that counſall can be na command,
I haue na mair to ſay:
Except that gif he think it gude,
tak counſall zit or ze conclude,
of wiſer men than thay:
Thay ar bot witleſſe, young and raſche,
ſuppois thay think vs fleit:
Gif of our fellowſchip you faſch,
gang with thame hardlie be it:
God ſpeid you, thay leid you,
that hes not meikill wit:
Expell vs, and tell vs,
heirefter comes not zit.

Quhill danger and diſpair reteirit,
Experience came in and ſpeirit,
quhat all the matter meind:
With him came reſſonn, wit and skill,
and thay began to ſpeir at will,
quhair mak ze to my friend:
To pull zone luſtie cherrie loe,
quod he, and not the ſlaye:
Quod thay, is thair na mair adoe,
or ze gang vp the braye:
Bot to it, and do it,
perforce the fruit to pluck:

Weill brother, ſome other,
wer better to conduck.

I grant ze may be gude aneuch,
bot zit the haſſard of ane hewch,
requyris ane better gyde:
As wiſe as ze ar may gang wrang,
thairfoir tak counſall or ze gang,
of ſome that ſtands beſide:
Bot quhilk wer zone thrie ze forbad,
your company richt now:
Quod will, thrie prechours to perſwad,
the poyſſonit *Slae* to pow:
Thay trattell, thay rattell,
ane lang halfe houre and mair:
Foul fall thame, they cal thame,
dreid danger and diſpair.

Thay ar maire faſchious nor of feck,
zone faiſſard durſt not for his neck,
clime vp the Craig with vs:
For we determinate war to die,
or elſe to clime zone *Cherrie* trie,
thay baid about the buſſe:
Thay ar conditionate like the Cat,
that wald not weit her feit:
Bot zit gif of the fruite we gat,
thay wald be faine to eit:
Thocht thay now, I ſay now,
to haiſſard hes na hart:
Zit luck we, and pluck we,
the fruit thay wald haue part.

Bot gif we get our voyage won,
thay ſall not than our *Cherrie* con,

That

That wald not interpriſe:
Weill quod experience ze boiſt,
bot he that comptis without his oiſt,
oft tymes he comptis twiſe:
Ze ſell the Bear skin on his bak,
bot bide quhill ze it get:
Quhen ze haue done its tyme to crak,
fiſch not beſoire the net:
Quhat haiſt ſchir, ze taiſt ſchir,
the *Cherrie* or ze pow it:
Beware zit, ze ar zit,
mair talkatiue nor trowit.

Call danger back agane quod skill,
and ſee quhat he can ſay to will,
We ſee him ſchod to ſtrait:
We may not trowe that ilk ane tells,
quod curage we concludit ells,
he ſerues not for our nait:
For I can tell you all perqueir,
his counſall and ze will:
Quod wil, quhairto ſuld he come heir,
he can not hald him ſtill.
He ſpeiks ay, and ſeiks ay,
delayis of tymes be drifts:
He grieues vs and deues vs,
with ſophiſtries and ſchifts.

Quod reſſoun, quhy was he debard,
the tale is ill may not be hard,
zit let vs heir him anes:
Thane danger to declaire begane,
how hope and curage tuik the man,
and led him all thair lanes:

For thay wald haiſt him vp the hill,
but ather ſtop or ſtay:
And quha wes welcomer nor will,
he wald be foremaiſt ay:
He culd do, and ſuld do,
quha ever wald or nocht:
Sic ſpeiding, preceiding,
vnlikelie was I thocht.

Thairfoir I wiſſe him to be war,
and raſchlie not to run ore far,
with ſic ane gyde as ze:
Quod curage, friend I heir ze faill
remember better on your taill,
ze ſaid it micht not be:
Beſide that ze wald not conſent,
that ever we ſuld clim:
Quod will, for my part I repent,
that we ſaw you or him:
For thay ar, the ſtayer,
of vs als weill as he:
I think now, thay ſchrink now,
go fordwart let thame be.

Go to quhat do we heir bot gucks,
thay ſay that voyage never lucks,
quhair ilk man hes ane voit:
Quod wiſdome, grathlie ſchir I grant,
we were the war your voite to want,
ſome ſentence now I note:
Suppois ze ſpeak it bot be geſſe,
ſome fruit thairin I find:
Ze wald be fordwart I confeſſe,
and comes oft tymes behind:

It may be, that thay be,
diſſavit that never doutit:
Indeid ſchir, that heid ſchir,
hes meikill wit about it.

Thane wilfull will began to rage,
and ſware he fand na thing in age,
bot anger, yre and grudge:
And for my ſelfe quod he I ſweir.
to quite all my companions heir,
and thay admit you Iudge:
Experience is growne ſa auld,
that he begins to raue:
The laife but curage are ſa cauld,
na haſſarting they haue:
For danger, for ſtranger,
hes ever maid thame ware,
Go fra thame, we pray thame,
that neither do nor dare.

Quhy may not we three lead this ane,
I led ane hundreth myne allane,
but counſall of thame all?
I grant quod wildome ze haue led,
bot I wald ſpeir how many ſped,
or fordward but ane fall?
For thair is nane or few I trow,
Experience can tell:
Men ſayis that he may wite bot you,
the firſt tyme that he fell:
He kens now quhais pennes now,
thou borrowit fra the Clarkis:
His wounds zit, quhilk ſounds zit,
I trowe dois beir the markis.

Than quod Experience is it trew,
Wil, flatterit him quhan that he ſlew,
and ſet him in ane low:
Wil, was his counſall and convoy,
to borrowe fra the blindit boy,
baith quiver and his bow:
Quhairwith befoir he ſeyit to ſchuit,
he never yeild to youth:
Nor zit had need of any fruit,
to quench his deadly drouth:
Quhilk pynis him, and dwinis him,
to deid I wat not how:
Gif Will than, did ill than,
himſelfe conſidder now.

For I Experience was thair,
like as I vſe to be all quhair:
quhat tyme he wytis will
To be the cauſe of his miſcheife,
for I my ſelf can be ane preife,
and witneſſe thairintill:
Thair is na bounds bot I haue bene,
nor heich things from me hid,
Nor ſecreit things bot I haue ſene,
that he or any did:
Thairfoir now, na moir now,
let him think to conceill:
For quhy now, evin I now,
am detbond to reveill.

My cuſtome is for to declair
the trueth, and nather eik nor pair
for any man ane jot:
Gif wilfull will delytis in leis,

exampill

The Cherrie

Some ſeimd aſſurit, ſome dred for dout,
ſome ran reid wood almaiſt:
With wringing, and thringing,
his hands on vther dang:
Diſpaire to, for cair to,
wald needs himſelfe go hang.

Fra time experience perſauit,
quod he remember ze reſſauit,
as will alledgit of laite:
Quhen as he ſware nocht elſe he ſaw,
in age bot anger ſlack and ſlaw,
and cankerit of conſait:
He culd not luck as he alledgit,
that all opinions ſpeirit:
He was ſa frak and fyerie edgit,
he thocht not to be feirit:
Quha panſis, on chancis,
quod he na worſchip winnis:
Ay ſome beſt, ſall come beſt,
that hapweill rakwell rinnis.

Zit quod experience behauld,
for all the tales that he hes tauld,
how he himſelfe behaues:
Becauſe diſpair culd come na ſpeid,
luik quhair he hangs all bot the heid,
and in ane withie waues:
Gif thou be ſory thou may ſee,
two men that with thame mellis:
Gif thay haue hurt or helpit thee,
conſidder be thame ſelfis:
Than chuſe ze, to vſe ze,
with vs or ſic as zone:

Say

exempill in thy ſelfe thou ſeis,
how he can turne his cote:
And with his language till allure
thee for to brek thy banes:
Sometyme ze ſawe gif ze war ſure,
thou vſit his counſall anes:
Quha wald zit, behauld zit,
to wrak thee war than we:
Think on now, of zone now,
quod wiſdome than to me.

Than quod Experience gif that he,
will come himſelfe to you and me,
I wat quhat I ſuld ſay:
Gif he be wiſe he ſall not want,
providing alway that he grant,
to put zone will away:
And baniſch baith him and diſpaire,
that all gude purpoſe ſpillis:
Swa he wald mell with vs na mair,
let thame twa flyte thair fillis:
Sic coiſſing, but loiſſing,
all honeſt men may vſe:
That change now, were ſtrange now.
quod reſſoun to refuſe.

Thane altogidder thay began,
to ſay come on thou martyrit man,
and do as we deviſe:
Abaiſd ane bony quhile I baid,
and muſſit or I anſwer maid,
and turnit me anes or twiſe:
Behalding every ane about,
I feirit to ſpeik in haiſt:

Say ſone now, haue done now,
mak ather off or one.

Perſaues thou not quhairfra proceids,
the frantick fantaſſes that feids.
thy furious flaming fire:
Quhilk dois thy bailfull breiſt combuir,
bot naue bot we (quod thay) can cuir,
nor kennis quhat dois require:
The paſſions of thy penſiue ſpreits,
that waiſts thy fatall breath:
Hes healit thy heavie hart with heits,
deſire drawes on thy death:
Thy punſſis, denuncis,
all kind of quiet reſt:
That fever, hes ever,
thy perſon ay oppreſt,

Quod thay were thou acquaint with skill,
he knawis quhat humors dois thee ill,
quhair thou thy cares contraks:
He knawis the ground of all thy griefe,
and receipts to for thy releife,
all medicines he maks:
Come on quod skill content am I,
to put my helping hand:
Providing alwaies he apply,
to counſall and command:
Quhill we than, quod he than,
ar mindit to remane:
Gif place now, in caice now,
thou get vs not agane.

Aſſure thy ſelfe gif that we ſched,
thou ſall not get thy purpoſe ſped,

Tak tent I haue thee tauld:
Haue done and driue not of the day,
the man that will not quhen he may,
he ſall not quhen he wald:
Quhat will you do, I wald we wiſt,
except or gif vs over:
Quod he I think me mair nor bliſt,
to find ſic famous foure:
Beſide me, to gyde me,
now quhen I haue ado:
Conſidering, the ſwidering,
ze fand me firſt into.

Than currage with ane ſtomack ſtout,
and danger drewe me into dout,
with his companione dreid:
Quhillis will wald vp abune the ayre,
quhillis I was dround into diſpaire:
quhillis hope held vp my heid:
Sic pithie reſſouns and replies,
on every ſide thay ſhewe,
That I quha wes not very wiſe,
thocht all thair tales wer trewe:
So monie, and bonie,
auld probleames thay expound:
Baith quicklie, and liklie,
I marvell meikill ond.

Zit hope and currage wan the feild,
thocht dreid and danger wald not zeild,
bot fled to find refudge:
Fra we conveind ſa, thay were faine,
becauſe he cald thame bak againe,
thay glaid to get him Iudge:

Quhair thay were fugitiue befoir,
now ar thay franck and fre:
To ſpeak and ſtand in awe na moir,
quod reſſoun ſwa ſuld be:
Oft tymes nowe, but crimes now,
men being forced falls:
The ſtrang ay, with wrang ay,
puts waiker to the walls.

Quhilk is ane fault ze man confeſſe,
ſtrength is not ordanit to oppreſſe,
with rigour by the richt:
Bot be the contrair to ſuſteine,
the waik anes that oreburdenit beine,
als meikill as thay micht:
So hope and currage did quod I,
weill expreméntit like:
Schaw skills and wills occaſion quhy,
that danger lap the dike:
Quod dreid ſchir, tak heid ſchir,
lang ſpeiking part will ſpill:
Inſiſt not, we wiſt not,
we went aganis our will.

With currage ze were ſa content,
ze never ſocht our ſmall conſent,
of vs ze ſtand na awe:
Thair logick reſſouns ze allowit,
ze wer determinate to trow it,
alledgeance paſt for lawe:
For all the proverbs ze perviſit,
ze thocht vs skantly skillit:
Our reſſouns had bene als weill vſit,
had ze bene als weill willit:

Till our ſide, as your ſide,
ſa trewlie as wes termit:
I ſee now, in thee now,
effection dois affermit.

Experience thairat blinkt and ſmylit,
we are na bairns to be begylit,
quod he and ſchuik his heid:
For authours quha alledg's vs,
thay may not win about the bus,
for all thair deadly feid:

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Perfect

(2 headlines cut off, others cut into)

Bernard Quaritch Ld

H. S. Ferguson

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